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Edward L. Burton

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MEMORIAL

OF

Edward Davis Barton.

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A. W. SCRIBNER & CO., PRINTERS, CANNON PLACE, TROY.

MEMORIAL.

Edward Davis Barton, was born in Troy, N. Y., March 30th, 1837, and the most of his life he lived in that city. He entered the United States Naval Service in May, 1861, and was assigned as paymaster to the steamer Huntsville. After an absence of one year he returned to his family and friends, and again after a few weeks with them at home he sailed on the same steamer. On the 17th of August, 1862, he was attacked with yellow fever, and died August 22d, 1862, on board the steamer, in sight of Key West, Fla. His remains were interred at Key West.

Death of Assistant Paymaster Edward D. Barton.—We have seldom witnessed a deeper and more general feeling of sadness follow the announcement of a private calamity, than that which has been evoked to-day, among the companions and friends of Edward D. Barton, by the mournful intelligence of his untimely death. Many had known him from infancy and boyhood;

others met him amid the walks of business or the pleasant paths of social life, and all learned to love and respect the noble-hearted, pure-minded, whole-souled young man. With the outburst of war came the anxiety to serve his country. Then followed a position in the Navy, and an appointment—then deemed so fortunate, though it has now proved to have been but a fatal message, a passport to the grave. After a year of honorable service came a brief season of rest at home. Congratulations flowed thick and fast upon the popular and pleasant sailor. But duty summoned again, and the Huntsville disappeared below the Southern horizon, freighted with kind wishes for him who is now loved and lost.

Rumors came to our ears of a dreadful disease which was raging on board; and now we listen to the knell of death. Edward D. Barton is no more. Beneath the waves of the South Atlantic, thick, murky and death laden, sleeps the manly heart forever. Far from home and friends, cut down amid the flush of youth and the promise of manhood, one of the noble army of martyrs that our menaced land called from peaceful pursuits to fill a post of danger, the name of Edward D. Barton will long fill an honorable place in the memory of his townsmen and friends. — *From Troy Daily Times.*

The Late Edward D. Barton.—Letters have been received from the Captain and Engineer of the United States steamer Huntsville, by friends of the late Edward D. Barton, giving the particulars of the sickness and death of that lamented officer, and speaking of him in the highest possible terms of praise and regret. He expired on the 22d of August, having been attacked by yellow fever four days previously. He appeared to have a premonition that the disease would prove fatal, and requested the Captain and other officers to proceed to Key West. They did so, and he had the satisfaction of dying within sight of land. About an hour before his death the Surgeon, his particular friend, expired — a victim to the same fell disease; but the mournful intelligence was wisely kept from his companion. Mr. Rose, engineer of the ship, watched over the sufferer with a "brother's care." With a final convulsive effort, poor Edward Barton drew a ring from his finger and said to Mr. Rose, "give this to my sister." These were his last words. His body was interred at Key West. As yet his family, who now reside at Brooklyn, do not know the terrible loss they have met with.—*From Troy Times.*

In Memoriam.—On Sunday morning September 14, 1862, Rev. E. Buckingham, Pastor of the Unitarian Church of Troy, with which the late Edward D. Barton was connected, delivered a sermon upon the obligation devolving upon each one to do his best, and closed by a beautiful tribute to the lamented young man so recently deceased. As his body lies buried at Key West, near that of his intimate companion in life, Surgeon Gould, no funeral exercises were deemed appropriate in Troy; but the eulogy upon the deceased, which is quoted below, loses none of its force from the absence of the relics of frail mortality:—

"I close my discourse by alluding to a young friend just taken from us,—pure, gentle, blameless, beloved. Such were his dispositions and such his life, that we do not know that he has left an enemy behind him, nor that a word of condemnation by any one is applied to him. The spirit of the religion of his parents and his ancestors seemed to have filled his nature from his birth. It seemed to express itself in his smile, and to radiate through the calmness and beauty of his face. There was nothing rude in him. The service of war was a strange work for him; he was tempted to it by his health, and urged to it by patriotism.

"I am rejoiced that he did not die in battle: in scenes of carnage, in the midst of wrath and profanity, or of tumult, excitement and horror. His fair form, I rejoice, was not mangled by the shafts of death. He gently breathed his last; not surrounded, it is true, by the objects of his heart's dearest affections, but by friends who, if they were new to him, loved him and whom he loved. He died with accents of love upon his lips. If we understand him aright, he looked back upon the past without self-reproach, and to the future without fear. 'I am very happy, now,' he said. We may not enter into the secret experience of his heart, to know whether with all of moral vigor and religious determination he had done the best that is possible in life, but he has left to the eye of his friends who observed him, a pure and beautiful example, the memorial of such a life as might well end in happiness and peace.

"He rests upon the distant ocean-shore, buried by the side of his friend. The wild waves' roll will not disturb him there, the surges of Winter will not awaken him, the bright sparkle of Summer waves will not recall him to life. No; because he lives. The growing faith of the human heart, under the inspirations of the Christian religion, impresses us with the conviction that he died only to enter at once upon the experience of

immortality. There is no distance, for the spirit, from that shore where his mortal form reposes, to the home in which his parents reside on earth; and none from both of them to the joys of the spiritual world. God give us grace all so to live, and so to devote ourselves to Him, that our ascending to the immortal life may be full of peace and joy."

Tribute to the Memory of the late Edward D. Barton.—The clerks of the State Bank of Troy, having learned with the deepest sorrow of the death of Edward D. Barton, their former associate in the Bank, desire to convey to the public, the family and friends of the deceased, this their sincere tribute of grief at the calamity which has fallen so unexpectedly upon them and upon us. We feel that in the death of our former associate, the community in which he lived has lost one of its most useful, refined and cultivated members; society, a genial friend; and our imperiled country one of its most devoted of young patriots. Especially as young men do we testify to his character and mourn his loss. Of a nature pure, free from guile, foremost in performing good deeds, ever spurning to commit an unkind act, and always pursuing the steady path of rectitude and honor,—his example to us, his younger

friends, is as a clear and guiding star in the firmament of Christian duty, which it will be well for us all, both young and old, to remember and imitate. Stricken down in the vigor and grace of manhood, passing into the shades of death unsoothed by the affectionate presence and care of kindred, yielding up his young life upon the altar of his country, we feel that after "life's fitful fever he sleeps well," awaiting the glorious resurrection of the just.

DANIEL W. FORD,
G. M. HOPKINS,
WILLIAM G. CRISSEY,
EDWARD W. WOOD,
GEORGE H. BATES,
A. E. BONESTEEL,
JULIUS S. HAWLEY.

TROY, Sept. 12, 1862.

THE Delta Chapter of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity connected with the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute adopted the following

RESOLUTIONS :

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death, Edward D. Barton, our beloved friend and brother, therefore be it

Resolved—By the Delta Chapter of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity, that we deeply deplore the loss of one of our number, whose estimable quali-

ties endeared him to all who knew him, and rendered him one of the brightest ornaments of our Fraternity. In the character of the deceased we found every manly purpose to respect, every noble motive to esteem and every generous, self-denying devotion to our Brotherhood to love.

Resolved.—That while we sincerely regret the causes which impelled him to the sacrifice of a life so pure at the shrine of his country's honor, we trust that the influence of so noble an example of patriotism may not be lost upon those for whom he so freely gave his life.

Resolved.—That we will ever cherish his memory in connection with those others of our Brotherhood who have paid with their lives the debt of love they owed their country.

Resolved.—That these resolutions be inserted in the Memorial about to be published by the friends of the deceased.

B. C. Potts,
J. D. Whitney,
Jno. C. Thompson, } *Committee.*

Obituary Notices from the Key West Papers.—The Key West *New Era* of August 23d, 1862, contains the following:

"Since the Huntsville has been in port, she has lost two most valuable officers by the epidemic.

Dr. Samuel Gould and the paymaster Edward D. Barton. Their brother officers speak in the highest terms of them, and Mr. J. H. Rose, engineer of the vessel, who was with them in their last moments, and who knew them well, assures us that the service has met with a great loss in the death of these officers, both of them young men, but during the short time they have been in the service, they had won the good opinion of all with whom they came in contact in their official or private capacity. Dr. Gould was from Boston and Mr. Barton from Troy, N. Y.

The following is also from a Key West paper:

Deaths in the Navy.—We are grieved to announce the death by the epidemic on board the steamer Huntsville, of two promising young officers Dr. Samuel L. Gould and Paymaster Edward D. Barton. The former was but a short time in the service, but by his assiduity to the sick and his amiable deportment had endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact. Mr. Barton is spoken of very highly by his brother officers, and is sincerely mourned.

Proceedings of the Executive Committee of the Troy Young Men's Association.—At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Troy Young Men's Association, held on Thursday even-

ing, Sept. 18, 1862, Mr. Andrew B. Fales, President of the Association, called the meeting to order and addressed the members in the following remarks :—

Gentlemen.—When some eighteen month ago, our Government called for men to enter its Army and Navy, in order to put down the unholy rebellion which threatened its overthrow, several of the members of this Committee nobly responded and entered upon the patriotic service. One of that number, Mr. Edward D. Barton, after having served his country in an important position in the Navy, with unflinching fidelity, has fallen at the the honored post of duty. His body lies interred at Key West, and his noble, high-minded spirit has returned to the God who gave it. As you well know, he sustained to us the tenderest relations of personal friendship. He was esteemed and beloved by us all. You also know that during many years he was an active member of this association, and that by its choice, he has served it in the position of Manager, Recording Secretary and Vice President. It is therefore in the highest degree fitting and appropriate, both as an impulse of friendship, and duty to notice officially his lamented death, and give expression to our appreciation of the extraordinary worth of our departed friend, our deep sympathy with his be-

reaved kindred, and our own loss as an Association. For this purpose we are now assembled. To do this is the solemn object of the present meeting. It now remains for you gentlemen to indicate the form in which this expression shall be given to the public.

John L. Flagg, Esq., moved the adoption of the following

RESOLUTIONS :

In regarding the death of Edward D. Barton, so long an active member of this Association, and so lately one of its officers and a member of this committee, we vainly try to express our sense of the loss which has befallen us.

We mourn a brother who filled an honored place by our side.

We mourn a friend who for years we knew and loved.

We mourn a citizen respected wherever he was known.

We mourn a son who never forgot to honor his parents.

We mourn a patriot who offered his life for his country.

The Secretary is directed to prepare a copy of the proceedings of this meeting, and transmit the same to this family, and also cause the same to be inserted in the city papers.

In offering the resolutions, Mr. Flagg spoke as follows:

Mr. President: In moving the adoption of the resolutions offered, I deem it proper to say a few words in regard to one who for so long a time took a prominent part in the transactions of this body, but who has now gone to his long home. In offering my tribute to the memory of Edward D. Barton, I believe I can claim as long if not a longer acquaintance with him than any other person in this meeting. I knew him first in our school days, when we shared the same bench and studied the same lessons; and I may remark that there was a striking uniformity in moral qualities throughout his life. Conscientious in everything he did, he endeavored to seek out the right and act in it. While he won the regard of his instructors by his attention to his duties to them, he was accorded the esteem of his fellows by his kindness and by his zeal in all boyish sports, and he commanded their respect by his firmness and moral courage.

At this time he was instrumental in establishing a literary society, which was of an improving character to its members, over which he was first called to preside; and the records of that society, extending for a period of six years, show that he was during all that time an active and earnest

member, contributing much to promote its interest and welfare.

A paper published at that time, edited by a member of this committee, who is now connected with the press of this city, speaks of him as one whose motto was, "anything that is worth doing, is worth doing well."

Soon after he entered the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, where he remained for two years, acquiring a creditable reputation as a student, particularly in Mathematical studies. About this time he spent a large portion of his Summers with friends in Essex county, in this state, where he enjoyed exceedingly the out-door hunting and fishing life; and whence he wrote many letters which spoke of the love he bore for the wild country thereabouts, and exhibited the truthfulness of his unperverted tastes.

He afterwards entered the State Bank in this city as a Clerk, leaving it as its Teller to serve his country. How well and satisfactorily for several years he filled his place, has been most properly expressed by his associates there.

To his family his loss is greater than we can express or realize. But, while we cannot speak of the extent of their loss, we *can* speak of that which we all saw and admired in him: that devotion to his parents and his sister, which was always

so prominent. In any project which he contemplated, his first thought was not for himself, but for them—not whether the plan proposed was to advance him, but whether it was to benefit them.

"He lived for others — he still lives."

By this Association, of which for several years he was an active member, he was elected to the offices of Recording Secretary and Vice President. Those of us who met him in this committee room, remember well his fidelity to his duties and his desire to forward the interests of the Association.

Going in the service of his country more than a year ago, and rejoicing in the help he was giving to her in this day of trial, he came back to us for a short time, a few months since, and we rejoiced again to take him by the hand and hear of his experience and pleasures in his naval cruise. Soon again he went away, but we did not count that we had looked for the last time upon the form of our friend and asssociate. And then, with a slight warning, which excited our hopes and fears, came the dreadful news. And so his career has closed; but it is a happy reflection, that it has been a career of so much honor to himself, and so much usefulness to others. He was taken sick on the 17th of August, and fearing the disease would

prove fatal, he begged the Engineer to hasten the speed of the steamer, that he might arrive at Key West before he died. But the disease progressed rapidly, and on Friday, the 22d of August, in sight of land, his earthly career terminated.

He lives no longer in the frail, decaying earthly tenement, but he is not dead; he lives the life of the eternal; and he lives, and will live, in our hearts and memories.

Mr. J. S. Thorn, Corresponding Secretary, seconded the resolutions, and said:

Mr. President: We are called together for a mournful purpose. We meet, as if over the tomb, to commemorate the form that has been placed within it. Although our associate, so early taken from us, sleeps many a league away, it is not less proper that we should give expression to our sorrow, and supply by words of condolence that come from the heart, the absence of storied urn and marble sarcophagus.

A poet beautifully alludes to the friends so linked together, whom he has seen 'round him fall, like leaves in wintry weather. We can appreciate his meaning and sympathize with the bereavement that he utters. A friend linked to us has been taken away — not falling like ripe fruit amid the dry and yellow leaves of frost-time, but plucked as if from amid Spring's vernal branches, and

garnered by the great reaper in the morning of life's year. Edward D. Barton is dead. Words of eulogy fall meaningless by the side of the mere statement that he is no more. His goodness of heart is his best obituary. The good will that he won so universally, is the best tribute to his character that can be uttered. His upright manhood was a patent of Nature's nobility. His peaceful death is the brightest evidence of a blameless life.

Many years ago, at a small school-room in what was then known as Morris Place building, I first saw the young man across whose name an indelible mark has been drawn on the book of life. Clad in a simple blouse — modest in demeanor — with laughing eye and rosy cheek, he was an apt personation of "the school-boy with shining morning face." We started upon life's race-course together, and for many years studied side by side, rejoicing over events that now seem so trivial — sorrowing over ideal griefs that then appeared momentous. We were not alone. Others — one or two of whom are here to-night — studied in that little room, and moved in the same arena. Success has attended the efforts of some. A few have met with mortifying failures. Death has now entered the ranks, and one of *our* number — one of *your* number is no more.

"Whom the Gods love, die young." Let us find consolation in our loss when we think that our friend had passed the happy days of youth, and that his future life would have been spent in toiling along the rough and rugged road of manhood and age. The poetry of existence had given place to prose, and the companion of our youth had become the associate in friendship and business of our maturer years.

Who would seek a nobler epitaph than the kindly recollection of a community in which one's years of activity have been spent? What brighter dreams could be desired during the long sleep that knoweth no awakening, than visions of kind words uttered over the lifeless clay, — of benisons cast like wreaths of *immortelles*, to mingle with the violet and primrose that blossoms over the grave — of approving words ringing through the damp vaults of the cemetery, seeming to echo from earth to Heaven — "well done, thou good and faithful servant."

In the loss of our friend we feel the effects of a law old as the world itself, and bow to a will from whose decree there is no appeal. We could have wished for a reunion with our friend — for many years of intimacy for us, and of prosperity to him. But he has gone — too soon for us — too soon for

his agonized family — too soon for the noble cause he served.

"The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary;
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory;
The Autumn winds, rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When our blighting was nearest."

The resolutions published above were adopted.

J. Spencer Garnsey,
Recording Secretary *pro tem.*

THRENODIA.

A Tribute to the memory of Edward D. Barton.

BY H. H. BOONE.

Softly moans the Southern wind,
As it steals across the wave,
Drifting Northward, sadly-toned,
From the fallen BARTON'S grave.
Sad the song it brings to us,
Uttered by the myrtle-flowers;
Sad the story of the song
Chanted by the weary hours: —

"Weep! Weep! Weep!
While the NOBLE rests in sleep.
Still his body! cold his brow!
Still his lips and pulses now!
Weep! Weep! Weep!

"Sad! Sad! Sad,
Are the Home-hearts, once so glad:
How they'll fly to tropic shores,
Where the tidal Mexic pours!
Sad! Sad! Sad!

"Lone! Lone! Lone,
Is his grave in sunny Zone.
How the thoughts will seek the spot,
And bewail his death-drawn lot!
Lone! Lone! Lone!

"Joy! Joy! Joy!
Life with him was not a toy;
For he shaped it with a will;
Cut it with an artist's skill.
Joy! Joy! Joy!"

Such the myrtles' lone refrain,—
Mother his, and sister too:
As they sang it unto me,
So I tell it unto you.
And, to-night, alone I stand
'Neath the rosy Northern sky,
Catching chaplets wrought in verse,
While the breezes waft them by.

Oh, sister his, preserve the golden link
Which he desired that thou shouldst wear fore'er:
With it upon thy hand, oh canst thou think,
Temptations can come near?
Lone mother, do not mourn thy fallen son:
But, rather, joy that he was brave and good.
A crown of NOBLE DEEDS, he fully won,
To cheer thy solitude.

Bloom peacefully, oh flowers, upon his mound;
Unfold your bosoms to the wooing air,
From Spring to Spring, above the hallowed ground,
For hearts are lingering there.
Sing sweetly, happy birds, around the spot
Where lies the shattered casket of the soul!
Sing one perpetual song: forget HIM not,
While Ocean's requiems roll.

"BROOKSIDE," Nov. 1st, 1862.

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